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IN CIVILIZATION'S CENTER.

We have clipped a very interesting article from the Newark (N. J.) News, and give it place in another column on this page. It tells of the discovery of four boys within six miles of the center of Newark—found in a condition of savagery and barbarism that we believe will astound every western reader. Just look over the article. It need not be repeated here.

And now, having read it, get the picture firmly fastened in your mind. Note the place where those boys were found—within twenty minutes of the ferry to New York. In the most populous country of the nation. In the very heart of one of the richest states of the Union. At the door of all the wealth and culture and refinement and pretense and display and arrogance and phariseism that can be assembled on the continent.

Right there they found four boys, from three to eleven years of age, who had never seen a stairway; who had never heard of a school; who didn't know about Santa Claus. If ever barbarism had footing on earth it is found expressed in that New Jersey condition.

We speak of this matter with some feeling because there is now in Utah a company of traveling missionaries who come to the state every year and take pictures of the least pretensions of houses, and send them back east with the statement that they are representative of Utah's homes. Because thousands of people in the east are confident there are no school houses outside the biggest cities in this state. Because it is the idea of the New Jersey people that Utah is a land of unlettered and ill-bred folk, with the traditions and manners of the cave man, and the aspirations of the Hun.

Furthermore, the condition discovered there near Newark can be duplicated in a thousand cases within that state. Back of that mountain and other mountains, and precisely the same conditions that produced these four barbarian boys have produced other barbarian boys without convenient number. Of course, the country will not be told of that. The east will be startled at first on reading of this Christmas find. And then, with the publication of it New Jersey will realize that it is not entirely creditable to that pharisee of states; and no more such finds will be welcomed. But the barbarians are there.

And what is true of New Jersey is true of every other state east of the Allegheny mountains. There is the backwoods of the nation. There are the untaught, the cave men, the root eaters, the savages.

Living out here where there are churches and schools in every town, where the lecture and the concert and the amateur play and the fair and the newspaper and the blessings of all the world's thought are the common and certain heritage of every child—where there absolutely is no duplicate of such a condition as that described in New Jersey—in this state, we are a little entertained by that confession of condition in the east.

And it is our good pleasure to suggest to the people who have been reforming Utah, who have been examining Utah through their smoked glasses, that they would be doing themselves a service, and the nation a benefit, if they would attend to their own business—which will include a correcting of evils of their own before they patronizingly pretend to uplift the people of Utah.

These four boys will never again be so hopeless as they have been. They have seen through the open door. They will never again be the same barbarians they were before their rich discovery. But, even with them removed, there is a very big beam in the eastern eye which should be removed before any attempt is made to take the mote from the eye of any other community—however it may be named.

HE IS NOT A REPUBLIC.

John Bransford is not a republic. He may be a state or condition, or even a demesne. But he can't be a republic, because the books say that republics are ungrateful. And no man reading the list of the mayor's appointments can accuse him of being ungrateful.

Those boys caught him and hogtied him and made a mayor of him, and when he came to name the members of his political family he didn't forget their services.

And there is a suspicion that he didn't have to urge them half as much as they urged him along in last September.

One man of the lot is dropped for the health of the city. And one dropped himself by resignation. But with those exceptions the celebrated officeholders' convention might be called to order any morning in the city hall. They are all there. And there they are going to stick.

We shall miss Dr. Stewart. He revealed so deep a content at the condition of the public ill-health; he was so stunningly polite under criticism of every one but the late lamented; he was such a particularly good fellow beaming up from the avalanche of

vital statistics, that we feel we shall not see his like again.

And we shall miss Lou Kelsey. Lou didn't need be missed, either. He was the drum major of the officeholders' convention, and did more to get John Bransford city broke and sure to stay tied, than any other man on the payroll. And thereby he attracted attention to himself. The Tribune people had sworn by the beard of the prophet that Bransford never should have the office again, and when it became evident that there was some mistake about that, the Tribune put vaseline on its crow and swallowed bill, body and spurs. But it demanded the sauce of Kelsey's retirement. Wherefore, there is a break in the ranks of the patriotic band that fought, bled and dyed their hair that Bransford might make them solid for another two years.

And at that, we don't see that the mayor is going to do any better than give the place back to Kelsey again. It looks like a shame to go out of town to get an engineer. Lou has probably learned the engineer's business by now. It might be cheaper to reinstate him than to have another tyro learn the trade at the expense of the city.

And it would be so much more easy to get around with the same old gang than to have to make new acquaintances.

MADE AN HONEST WAGON.

Next Sunday will complete fifty years of married life for John Mohler Studebaker and his wife, whose maiden name was Mary Jane Stull.

The statement will be perfectly understood anywhere in the world. And no one will ask, "Who is J. M. Studebaker?" The world knows who he is. The world knows that he has arrived at great wealth, at the command of a business which extends to every part of the world, that he has an army of employees on every continent, in both hemispheres—and all because from the beginning the Studebakers have made an honest wagon.

Doubtless it is not the only honest wagon. Doubtless there are many honest wagons. But this is the honest wagon that the Studebakers have made. And because they have been honest in every detail of their lives, they have grown rich. And within a week the head of the house will celebrate his golden wedding.

They were married on the farm home of the bride's parents. A Dunker preacher married them. The bride didn't wear any jewelry. Neither did the groom. She wore no conventional gown, and she didn't have any maids of honor. And there was no organ to play Mendelssohn's wedding march as the two "high contracting parties" came down the stairs and crossed the room. Dunkers don't believe in musical instruments; and it is doubtful if they came down stairs, anyway. Although those old German Baptists lived well in Indiana in the old days—as they do still—it is more than likely the Stull farmhouse was a one-story affair.

But they were sound in health and morals. They were honest and careful. After that, the opportunity came. The Studebakers established the honor of their house, the fame of their wagons; and the government bought—countless numbers of them. And every one else bought. And the wagons bear the quaint old German name wherever the roads are cut out, and do their work faithfully and well.

It is better to make an honest wagon and celebrate a golden wedding than to rule an empire, or corner the wealth of the world.

SALARY OF GOVERNORS.

Do you know how much salary is paid to the governors of the several states?

Well, then, do you know how much is paid to the governor of Utah? Now that the teachers are here in convention there really shouldn't be anything left unknown.

Governor Spry gets four thousand dollars a year. And it is the judgment of those who have watched him so far that he earns every penny of it.

Six governors in the United States get considerably more. They are, respectively, the governors of California, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Governor Deneen of Illinois gets the biggest pay of any. He receives twelve thousand dollars a year. The rest of these named get ten thousand dollars.

Nine governors get less than does the chief executive of Utah. They are, respectively, the governors of Maine, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, South Carolina, Vermont and Wyoming.

The governors of Wyoming and Nebraska each is paid twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Massachusetts pays her governor eight thousand; and it is the only one in the republic paying that sum, unless you except Porto Rico, the governor of which province receives the same—eight thousand dollars a year. New Mexico and Arizona each pays three thousand dollars. Alaska and Hawaii—which is pronounced with a "v," you remember—each pays five thousand.

There—have you learned anything?

WHAT ARE THEY THERE FOR?

If the penalty clause is not to be enforced, what is it there for?

That question is especially pertinent in the matter of Mr. Moran's pavement of East First South street. He was away over the time in which he should have completed that work, and much of the delay was pure stubbornness. Pat wanted one kind of asphalt there, and the people wanted another kind. And he started in to make them sorry they invoked the plain letter of the law.

Of course it did make them tired. Of course they regretted seeing that half block of street lying all summer unpaved, while all the rest was completed according to contract, and in the allotted time.

In general these penalty clauses should be enforced. There are circumstances under which they may be

waived by the city in the general interest of all the people. But this East First South street case was not one of the kind.

We beg to suggest to the new administration that the best service of the public requires that the penalty be enforced.

WHERE WRECKS ARE THICK.

Take a map of the Massachusetts coast line. Note the sweep of Cape Cod out into the sea and half way back again. That whole region to the north, the east and the west of Race Point is crowded thick with wrecks all over the floor of the ocean.

Then follow the arc of the claw-like land to the south and west, and note what a little neck of land it is that separates the waters of Cape Cod and Buzzards' bay.

The wrecks occur up there around Race Point, or in the effort of vessels to get out of the ocean, and into the shelter of the land. It has been a graveyard for vessels ever since there was shipping on the New England coast.

If the New Englanders had the enterprise of the people of Utah, they would cut a canal across at Buzzard's Bay, and send their ships down into the sound without peril of the terror at the point of Cape Cod.

The papers are filled with the terrible record of the Christmas storm on the coast. Nine out of ten of the ships that were lost would have sailed safely to port if they could have had the freedom of that possible canal where Barnstable county is pasted on the mainland of Massachusetts.

TWO NEW APPOINTMENTS.

The selection of Dan Alexander and John Jensen to be assistants to the county attorney will be approved by every one who knows the men.

They are two Utah boys who are following a long line of example, and are making good. They have worked their way through all grades of school, worn approvable clothes all the time, and have come home with a young man's mastery of the law. There isn't the ghost of a chance that they will fail. Because they have made so good use of their youth, they will make an even better use of their manhood, and will certainly succeed.

Their success should be an inspiration to every boy in the state. They had about as much handicap as any boy is likely to know. If they succeeded, no one need fail. And besides all that, they have won and kept a host of friends. And every friend congratulates the county that it has in its service men of the quality and the character and the equipment of Alexander and Jensen.

Twenty prominent Ohio matrons have answered the question: At what age should a girl marry? And they have agreed that her best time is from twenty-five to thirty years. So that all of the schoolmama's may still have hope.

Castle Dale claims to have had thirty-five degrees below zero this winter. And that gives Castle Dale the palm. No other city in the state will try to beat it.

AT CIVILIZATION'S CENTER.

New York, Dec. 21.—In care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Newark are four children, ranging in age from 3 to 11 years, who until last night had never seen a stairway, who had never known what it was to be washed, and who shrieked in terror when put in a bath tub, and were willing to leave a life practically amounting to savagery only when they were told of Santa Claus and the meaning of Christmas. They were found by Jared W. Kimball, superintendent of the society, living in a rude hut of boards on the slope of the Orange mountain in the borough of West Caldwell, within six miles of the center of Newark.

Slept on the Ground.
When found the children were living with their father, Archie Johnson, a woodchopper, and their mother, in an unheated shack built of untrimmed boards, without floors, it being necessary for the four to sleep on the ground, a life they had always been accustomed to live. Three of the children had neither shoes nor stockings, the youngest child's feet being covered with the remnants of shoes cast off by his mother and tied to his feet by rags. None had underclothing, one child being clad in a singlet skirt and an old cloth cape, while the others wore remnants of trousers, and for covering on the upper parts of their bodies had cotton shirts and pieces of overall jackets.

Terrified by Crows.
Superintendent Kimball said that the journey to Newark was the strangest in his thirty years' experience as the head of the society. Passing through thickly settled towns on the way, the children were terrified by the holiday crowds in the streets. Overcoming this by familiarity, they shouted and exclaimed at buildings, calling attention to their height, and as the structures grew higher as the center of Newark was approached their cries of wonder increased.

When they arrived at the society's refuge they were more amazed. They commented upon the warmth of the building, unable to explain steam heat. Told that they must go upstairs, they did not know what was meant, and when the stairway was shown to them they did not know how to ascend. Eventually they began the journey on hands and knees, climbing laboriously step by step to the top as if ascending a high rock.

Afraid of the Water.
The disrobing in the bathroom was accomplished simply by tearing the rags from the children, and they watched with amazement the filling of a bathtub. They had to be put in the water by force, being convinced that it was either torture or a method of execution. After the experience, they wished to repeat it. Kindness they did not understand at first, but Mr. Kimball said that the four followed him around wherever he went. The clothing supplied by the society was a source of wonder to them, and the cause of a pathetic show of vanity, Mr. Kimball said.

In questioning them, it was found that they knew nothing whatever of schools, while the three E's were a mystery unfathomable because undreamed of. A chance question regarding Christmas revealed that none knew of it, and Santa Claus was a delirium to them.

THE VICTOR.

Not he alone who worldly power And honor bore. Nor he who for some talent rare The laurel wore.

But he to whom hard luck was all Fate chose to send. Yet who maintained a dauntless fight Unto the end. —Charlotte Becker, in New York Sun.

AMBIGUOUS.

Hostess—It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you'd better stay to dinner. Departing Guest—Oh, dear, no! It's not raining so badly as all that. —Sydney Bulletin.

A For Sale ad by a salesman—not an assistant to the junk man.

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